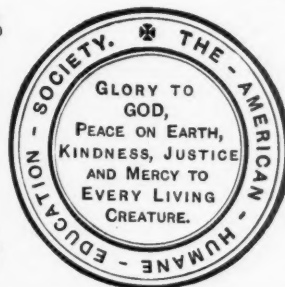


Our Dumb Animals.

"The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," "The American Humane Education Society," and "The American Bands of Mercy."

"WE SPEAK FOR
THOSE THAT



CANNOT SPEAK
FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

Vol. 29.

Boston, April, 1897.

No. 11.



A GREAT LOSS.

It is with profound sorrow that we record the death on March 9th, by pneumonia, of *Mrs. Robert Treat Paine*; a personal friend—one of the most faithful and useful Directors of our two Humane Societies—and one of the best and noblest women in Massachusetts. A lady intensely interested in our and other humane work, and whose presence at our meetings always cheered and encouraged us.

She has gone to join the great army of mercy on the other side of the river, where we shall all hope sooner or later to meet her again.

DR. ROBERT MARK.

On the same March 9th, when we had the sorrow of seeing on the bulletin boards of our papers an announcement of the death of *Mrs. Robert Treat Paine*, there came to our table notice of the death [also by pneumonia] of another friend, *Dr. Robert Mark*, of Ottawa, Canada; a gentleman who has within the past few years, at his own expense, traveled hundreds of miles in organizing perhaps a hundred thousand Canadian children into our "Bands of Mercy."

He too has gone to join the same great army of mercy.

CHARLES H. TILTON.

The recent death at Ashland of the late *Charles H. Tilton* has removed one of our most faithful Agents who, since May 21st, 1872, has interruptedly served as such, riding by night and day, in fair weather or storm, for the relief of animals in distress, and never accepting remuneration beyond an approving conscience. We sincerely mourn his loss.

"We see but dimly through the mists and vapors;
Amid these earthly damps
What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers
May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no Death! What seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death."—*Longfellow*.

DURING THE PAST YEAR.

During the past year our "American Humane Education Society," through its missionaries and otherwise, has organized two thousand nine hundred and ninety-six new "Bands of Mercy" in forty-four of our United States, Prince Edwards Island, Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, the West Indies, and British India.

The total number of our "Bands of Mercy" formed up to the present time is twenty-seven thousand five hundred and twenty-three.

If we had more money we could easily double our work, and if we only had enough money we could increase it a hundred-fold.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

HOW OUR WORK GROWS.

Among recent subscriptions for *Our Dumb Animals* have been for something over 500 copies from Buffalo, N. Y., nearly 400 from Detroit, Mich., and nearly 200 from Toronto, Canada.

ROME, ITALY.

Just before going to press we receive a most important letter from Rome, Italy, informing us of the organization of "The Italian Humane Education Society," modeled after our "American Humane Education Society," and asking permission to translate all the humane literature of our "American Humane Education Society" into the Italian language, to be used in the schools of Italy.

GOOD NEWS FROM TWO STATES
ON THE SAME DAY.

We are glad to learn on the same day that the Colorado State Sunday-school Convention has adopted the plan of having in all the Sunday-schools of the State, the last Sunday in February named "Mercy Day," and that in all the Sunday-schools of the State special services are to be held on that day for teaching kindness to animals, also that the Mormon Church of Utah [with whose leaders we have been in correspondence], and which has about one hundred thousand children in Sunday-schools, has also adopted the same plan of having the last Sunday in February as "Mercy Day" for the same teachings.

OMAHA, NEBRASKA.

We have on this March 16th, an order from Omaha, Nebraska, for two hundred additional "Band of Mercy" badges, and the Secretary of the Humane Society in that city writes us that he thinks there are a thousand or more of our "Band of Mercy" badges constantly worn in that city at the present time.

SIOUX CITY, IOWA.

We are gratified to receive thanks of the Sioux City Humane Society to our American Humane Education Society for our publications distributed among the public schools of Sioux City.

ON THIS MARCH EIGHTEENTH.

On this March 18th we are glad to receive an order from *The Youngstown (Ohio) Humane Society*, with remittance, for 100 copies of the *Angell Prize Contest Selections*, to be used in that city; and also from the *Board of Education of Yonkers, New York*, check to pay for 600 copies of "Black Beauty," for the public schools of that city, and also an order from the *school authorities of Lansing, Mich.*, for 100 copies of "Black Beauty," to be used in that city.

JUDGE BORDEN OF NEW BEDFORD.

We are glad to say that Judge Borden, of New Bedford, sentenced a man the other day to a year's imprisonment in the house of correction for the abuse of a horse, and another man to nine months' imprisonment in the house of correction for a similar offence.

HOW THE VERMONT HUMANE SOCIETY
HAPPENED TO BE FORMED.

Dear Mr. Angell,—You ask me how the Vermont Humane Society happened to be formed. A neighbor sent me some lettuce seed done up in a leaf of "Our Dumb Animals."

That leaf led to the formation of the Vermont Humane Society.

H. B. WILLIAMS,
President of the Vermont Humane Society.

PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND.

We are glad to learn from Miss E. W. Olney of Providence, R. I., of the formation of 27 new "Bands of Mercy" in the public schools of that city, with a membership of over one thousand pupils.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

We are glad to learn from Mrs. Robert Armour of Washington of the distribution of fifty prizes in the public schools of Washington to pupils who have written the best compositions on kindness to animals, the prizes being offered by Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Barber.

BROCKTON, MASS.

We are glad to say that members of the new Humane Society in Brockton, Mass., have subscribed for about 300 copies of *Our Dumb Animals*.

IN THE SOUTHERN STATES.

Our American Humane Education Society's missionary, Mr. C. S. Hubbard, has recently been at work forming "Bands of Mercy" in the South. He has formed ninety-four of these organizations in Mobile, Alabama, and a very large number in New Orleans. After New Orleans he is to visit Baton Rouge and Natchez.

CAPE TOWN, SOUTH AFRICA.

We are glad to receive a large order for our humane publications, to be sent to Cape Town, South Africa.

AS SHOWING THE GOOD WORK.

As showing the good work of our Massachusetts "Band of Mercy" organizer, Mr. A. J. Leach, we publish the following from letter received to-day from Rev. H. D. Stevens of Whitman:

WHITMAN, MASS., March 10th, 1897.

GEO. T. ANGELL,
President American Humane Education Society.

Dear Sir:—In our course of lectures here your Mr. Leach gave us an interesting address on last Sunday night on "The New Order of Chivalry."

It was timely seed sown into good soil and must bear good fruitage.

On the following three days he visited our public schools and organized about twenty "Bands of Mercy." I accompanied him on Monday, and can say that for this kind of work he seems to be especially fitted, pleasing both teachers and pupils.

What a gospel of kindness this will be to the children.

Yours fraternally,

H. D. STEVENS.

What was Joan of Arc made of? *Maid of Orleans.*

HOW THE DUTCH REPUBLIC WAS
SAVED.

The Hon. Charles Francis Adams writes the *Boston Herald* as follows:

"Most persons have heard of the great William of Orange, called 'The Silent.' If the dog enemies will turn to Motley's 'History of the Rise of the Dutch Republic' (vol. 2, p. 398), they'll find this little incident related: On the night of the 12th of September, 1572, a body of Alva's Spanish troops surprised Dutch William's camp. They slaughtered right and left — 'for two hours long the Spaniards butchered their foes.' Then Motley goes on to describe what happened:

"The boldest, led by Julian in person, made at once for the Prince's tent. His guards and himself were in a profound sleep, but a small spaniel, which always passed the night upon his bed, was a more faithful sentinel. The creature sprang forward, barking furiously at the sound of hostile footsteps, and scratching his master's face with his paws. There was but just time for the Prince to mount a horse, which was ready saddled, and to effect his escape through the darkness before his enemies sprang into the tent. His servants were cut down, his master of the horse and two of his secretaries, who gained their saddles a moment later, all lost their lives, and but for the little dog's watchfulness William of Orange, upon whose shoulders the whole weight of his country's fortunes depended, would have been led within a week to an ignominious death. To his dying day the Prince ever afterwards kept a spaniel of the same race in his bed-chamber."

"Motley might also have added that in the Church at Delft may be seen to this day at the foot of the recumbent statue of the great Hollander the figure in stone of that 'little spaniel.'"

IT MAY ASTONISH OUR READERS.

It may astonish our readers to know the number of stories in regard to the various animals which have come and are coming to our table. For instance, we have now on hand in regard to only one animal [the dog] nearly or quite two thousand stories. Our readers can imagine the difficulty we have in determining what to put in our little paper.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

SOON.

Soon the catkin's velvet tassels will be blowing,
Soon the brimming brooks will call and shout,
And the green grass will be growing, growing,
And the crocus buds will all look out.

Soon the birds will come with thrill and whistle,
Little wings a-whirring through the air,
Fetching wisp of hay, or down of thistle,
Such as last year's harvest had to spare.

Soon anemones will show their startled faces,
Violets will be pushing toward the light;
Soon the leaves will steal into their places,
And the fairy frost will take its flight.

IRISH WIT.

The Eleventh Hussars had arrived in Dublin one day, and after a levee at the castle one of their officers walking down Sackville street, in full dress, was met by two Irishmen fresh from the country.

Quite staggered by the glittering and gorgeous apparition of blazing gold and blue, the one said to the other, with a sharp nudge in the ribs and a look of exquisite fun:

"Begorra, but shouldn't I like to pawn him?"

Pearson's Weekly.



Founders of American Band of Mercy.

GEO. T. ANGELL and REV. THOMAS TIMMINS.

Officers of Parent American Band of Mercy.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President; JOSEPH L. STEVENS, Secretary.

Over twenty-eight thousand branches of the Parent American Band of Mercy have been formed, with probably over a million members.

PLEDGE.

"I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage."

Any Band of Mercy member who wishes can cross out the word *harmless* from his or her pledge. M. S. P. C. A. on our badges means "*Merciful Society Prevention of Cruelty to All.*"

We send *without cost*, to every person asking, a copy of "Band of Mercy Information" and other publications.

Also *without cost*, to every person who writes that he or she has formed a "Band of Mercy" by obtaining the signatures of thirty adults or children or both—either signed or authorized to be signed—to the pledge, also the name chosen for the "band" and the name and post-office address [town and State] of the president.

1. Our monthly paper, "OUR DUMB ANIMALS," full of interesting stories and pictures, for one year.

2. Mr. Angell's Address to the High, Latin, Normal and Grammar Schools of Boston.

3. Copy of Band of Mercy Songs.

4. Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals, containing many anecdotes.

5. Eight Humane Leaflets, containing pictures and one hundred selected stories and poems.

6. For the President, an imitation gold badge.

The head officers of Juvenile Temperance Associations, and teachers and Sunday school teachers, should be presidents of Bands of Mercy.

Nothing is required to be a member but to sign the pledge, or authorize it to be signed.

Any intelligent boy or girl fourteen years old can form a Band with no cost, and receive what we offer, as before stated.

The prices for badges, gold or silver imitation, are eight cents large, five cents small; ribbon, four cents; song and hymn books, with fifty-two songs and hymns, two cents; cards of membership, two cents; and membership book, eight cents. The "Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals" cost only two cents for the whole, bound together in one pamphlet. The Humane Leaflets cost twenty-five cents a hundred, or eight for five cents.

Everybody, old or young, who wants to do a kind act, to make the world happier and better, is invited to address, by letter or postal, GEO. T. ANGELL, Esq., President, 19 Milk Street, Boston, Mass., and receive full information.

Good Order of Exercises for Band of Mercy Meetings:

1—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn, and repeat the Pledge together. [See Melodies.]

2—Remarks by President, and reading of Report of last meeting by Secretary.

3—Readings, "Angell Prize Contest Recitations," "Memory Gems," and anecdotes of good and noble sayings and deeds done to both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instrumental music.

4—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

5—A brief address. Members may then tell what they have done to make human and dumb creatures happier and better.

6—Enrollment of new members.

7—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

THE RESURRECTION.

The Lord has risen indeed. *Luke xxiv: 34.*

Lo, the tomb of rock is breaking,
Through its gloom a light is breaking;
Seal and stone and guard are vain,
Sin and death at length are slain.

Faith is realized in sight,
Hope in vision clear and bright;
For the star, the sun appears,
Songs of joy for mourner's tears.

Jesus lives, and hearts of sadness
Now are bursting forth with gladness;
Jesus lives, and, wondrous grace,
Meets His loved ones face to face.

From *Lenten Lays*,

By Rev. W. T. Sleeper.

EASTER TIDE.

Oh, rare as the splendor of lilies,
And sweet as the violet's breath,
Comes the jubilant morning of Easter,
A triumph of life over death;
For fresh from the earth's quickened bosom
Full baskets of flowers we bring,
And scatter their satin soft petals
To carpet a path for our King.

* * * * *

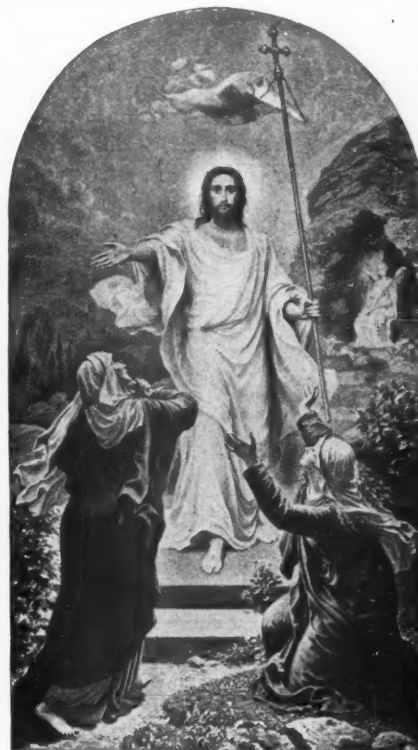
In the countless green blades of the meadow,
The sheen of the daffodil's gold,
In the tremulous blue on the mountains,
The opaline mist on the wold;
In the tinkle of brooks through the pasture,
The river's strong sweep to the sea,
Are signs of the day that is hasting
In gladness to you and to me.

So down in thy splendor of lilies,
Thy fluttering violet breath,
O jubilant morning of Easter,
Thou triumph of life over death!
For fresh from the earth's quickened bosom
Full baskets of flowers we bring,
And scatter their satin soft petals
To carpet a path for our King.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

THE SIGN OF THE CROSS IN RUSSIA.

The Russian is crossing himself all day long. When he first comes forth in the open air in the morning, if no church be in sight from his own door, he listens for the first sound of some bell, then, turning towards it, *crosses himself* with great fervor to ensure a blessing on the undertakings of the day. *He crosses himself* before and after each meal. When you make a bargain with him *he crosses himself* that it may prosper. When the peasant who is to drive you takes the reins in his hand, *he crosses himself* to keep away accidents; and every steeple he passes gets the same mark of



THE RESURRECTION.

From "*Lenten Lays*," by Rev. W. T. Sleeper, Worcester, Mass., or at W. H. Gould's, 38 Bromfield St., Boston.

respect. Sometimes the edifice thus saluted is so far off that the stranger wonders at the quickness shown in discovering it, and is often at a loss to discern the distant hamlet where it stands. In like manner, the person sitting beside you in any public conveyance *crosses himself* every time you start with new horses. If you give a child a piece of money, its little hand is up in a moment to *make the Sign of the Cross*, by way of blessing and thanking you. No Russian ever passes a church without pausing when he comes opposite its centre to *make the Sign of the Cross*. It is not alone the grave and the aged who pause at these places, but also the giddy and young. You have just seen some gray-haired general do it—but wait one minute; a laughing band of youngsters are coming up. Now they are opposite the church or the shrine—their mirth and their talk have ceased—*each crosses himself* devoutly—utters a prayer or two—you see the lips moving—then passes gravely on, the laugh and the jest being resumed only when they are some way off.

So far is this crossing custom carried, that when a Russian enters your room he cannot say "Good-morning" till he has *crossed himself* at the Savior's picture. A man in any public way, such as an innkeeper, must always have a picture hung in his own apartment, in addition to that in the public room, to which each Russian turns before he sits down to eat. —Brenner's "*Excursions in the Interior of Russia.*"

OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

Boston, April, 1897.

ARTICLES for this paper may be sent to GEO. T. ANGELL, President, 19 Milk St.

BACK NUMBERS FOR DISTRIBUTION.

Persons wishing *Our Dumb Animals* for gratuitous distribution can send us five cents to pay postage, and receive ten copies, or ten cents and receive twenty copies. We cannot afford larger numbers at this price.

TEACHERS AND CANVASSERS.

Teachers can have *Our Dumb Animals* one year for twenty-five cents.

Persons wishing to canvass for the paper will please make application to this office.

Our *American Humane Education Society* sends this paper this month to the editors of *about twenty thousand* newspapers and magazines.

OUR AMBULANCE

Can be had at any hour of the day or night by calling Telephone 337, South Boston.
Horse owners are expected to pay reasonable charges.

In emergency cases of severe injury, where owners are unable to pay, the ambulance will be sent at the expense of the Society.

SUBSCRIPTIONS AND REMITTANCES.

We would respectfully ask all persons who send us subscriptions or remittances to examine our report of receipts, which is published in each number of our paper, and if they do not find the sums they have sent properly credited, kindly notify us.

If correspondents fail to get satisfactory answers please write again, and on the envelope put the word "Personal."

My correspondence is now so large that I can read only a small part of the letters received, and seldom long ones. GEO. T. ANGELL.

We are glad to publish this month *two hundred and thirty new branches* of our *Parent Band of Mercy*, making a total of *twenty-seven thousand four hundred and thirty-seven*.

WE THINK.

We think that as surely as God lives, and the sun rises, and the grand march of civilization and humanity is upward, so surely will the time come when the *glory of America* will be the *five hundred thousand "Bands of Mercy"* in its public schools, and when the *dog fights, cock fights, prize fights, college fights, and vivisections* of living animals in some of our Protestant universities, colleges and schools, in these closing years of the nineteenth century, will be recorded by the future historians of all nations as *America's shame*. GEO. T. ANGELL.

Mr. Boggs (reading English history): "The Prince of Wales in 1798"—Mrs. Boggs (interrupting): "The Prince of Wales in 1798! Goodness! I didn't know the Prince of Wales was such an old man!"

"BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL."

We have recently had hung in our principal office [in a large frame and conspicuous position] the names of those who have kindly remembered our two Societies in their wills.

When we get a building we intend to have them so engraved in it as to last through the centuries.

A KIND FRIEND.

Just before going to press, we are much gratified to receive from *Mrs. David Nevins*, of Boston, \$300 to aid our "American Humane Education Society" in extending its work.

A PERMANENT BUILDING.

We want a building, to be the permanent home of our offices [the parts not used to be let to increase our income], and which shall stand for a hundred years or more as the *living monument* of those who give us the money to build it, and as a memorial of their love for those who [deprived of human speech] serve us and make our lives happier.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

WHY DOES IT HAPPEN?

Why does it happen, Mr. Angell, that some of our *very rich* people give nothing in their wills for the prevention of cruelty to dumb animals?

Answer—Our two Humane Societies are supported by those who think that our laws should be enforced, *not only against the poor but also against those rich people who violate them—by the cruel life mutilation of horses—cruelty in the playing of polo—cruelty in horse-racing—cruelty in the hunting of tame foxes—cruelty in the shooting of live pigeons from traps for sport—cruelty in vivisections—and cruelty in various other forms.*

We should be very glad if all our *very rich* people would give by their wills money which could be used *either now or in the great future* to protect all God's dumb creatures from cruelty, and in humanely educating [as well for the protection of property and life] the millions now in our public and private schools, who are soon to come on the stage of action.

But we are glad to say that there are not a few of our rich people who give and have given to us liberally during their lifetimes, but who [for reasons which we might state] do not wish to have their gifts appear in *published wills*.

YOU CANNOT TELL.

It is a common saying that "you cannot tell by the looks of a toad how far he will hop."

Our little paper goes every month (among others) not only to over eleven thousand of the lawyers, doctors, clergymen, school superintendents, writers and speakers of our State, but also into the editorial rooms of every newspaper and magazine in North America north of Mexico, and articles copied from [or called out by] it have appeared in thousands of other publications all the way from the Atlantic to the Pacific in one direction, and from Hudson's Bay to the Gulf of Mexico in another.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

In moving out of town don't forget your cat.

CONNECTICUT.

We are glad to receive a most interesting annual report of the "Connecticut Humane Society," showing a splendid work, and receipts during the year amounting to \$52,-197.89. We always feel a warm interest in the success of this society, as we had the pleasure of being present at its birth.

HELPING THE BEASTS.

WATERTOWN, March 2.—*The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Dumb Animals* are after the cattle drovers and lumpers at the Watertown cattle yards, and intend to put them through unless the dumb brutes are treated more gently.

The officers of the Society intend to pay especial attention to the manner of loading the cattle and of the time, limited to 28 hours, they are in the cars without food or water or without being released for a few hours.

The officers of the Society are not welcome visitors at the cattle yards, but while they are there a noticeable improvement is noticed in the manner the cattle are loaded and unloaded.

Boston Evening Record, March 3.

PREMATURE BURIALS.

Some of the philanthropic citizens of Brooklyn have conceived a plan whereby the fear of being buried alive may be removed, and they are about to become an incorporated company. In the suburbs edifices will be erected, fashioned to hold a number of coffins. In these receptacles the coffins will be ranged, with open lids, and will remain until the bodies they contain show signs of life or are proved, by decay, to be dead. Means will be provided that if a person in any of the coffins should be alive he can communicate to an attendant and receive proper aid.—*Exchange.*

THE UNITED STATES SENATE.

A BEAR GARDEN.

At the closing all night session of the United States Senate, ending on the morning of March 4th, our Massachusetts senior Senator ventured to suggest [as a hypothetical case] how a single intoxicated member could block the most vitally important business of the hour.

Immediately another Senator [undoubtedly drunk] replied that our respected senior Senator was "a lunatic and a liar."

FITZSIMMONS THE SLUGGER.

From account of his life in "*The Lewiston (Maine) Evening Journal*," of March 17th:

"One of his companions in training was a great Danish dog, Yarrum, with which he used to wrestle. The dog was not allowed to sleep on the bed, but one night the snow sifted in under the door and chilled Yarrum. Thinking perhaps that his master would overlook the trespass, the dog climbed gently onto the bed. Fitzsimmons pushed him away. The dog returned with a pitiful whine and Fitzsimmons let fly a left swing, taking the dog on the neck and knocking him almost senseless. Then seizing a heavy bar he belabored the dog over the head and finally kicked him into the stormy night. At another time he enlivened his training by fighting the dog with a pitchfork, leaving the poor brute cut and bleeding."

THE CORBETT AND FITZSIMMONS PRIZE FIGHT.

If any reader of this paper does not realize the importance of humane education and "Bands of Mercy" in all our schools, not only for the prevention of cruelty, but also for the protection of property and life, it would be well to carefully consider this Corbett and Fitzsimmons prize fight in all its bearings.

Saying nothing of the millions of children in our churches and Sunday-schools who do not have one-quarter of the humane education that they ought to have, there are other millions who can be only reached in our public schools, and over whom churches and Sunday-schools have no influence whatever.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

THE CORBETT AND FITZSIMMONS PRIZE FIGHT.

In our morning paper of March 18th we find over eighteen columns given to the above fight, and are told among other things that during its progress members of both branches of Congress were so much interested that continual reports of the progress of the fight were received at the Capitol, and that business in the commercial part of Washington was practically suspended.

We have only room for a few extracts from a report in the *Boston Herald*:

"Fitz is bleeding badly at the mouth, and from nose to chin he is streaked with blood. Corbett is splotted with great polka dots, from the clots which drop from the Australian's nose."

"Four thousand spectators are bellowing around the ringside. Hundreds of men have grown hoarse and hysterical with howling."

"Mrs. Fitz sits behind her panting and brute-like husband, while the other panting and brute-like man-opposite has lost two teeth, and swallowed great quantities of blood."

"Fitzsimmons' small, ferret eyes gleam in his ape-like face like little bits of shiny glass."

"You've got him, Fitz, kill him, kill him," are the cries.

And yet we are told by a gentleman who claims to be well posted, that for downright brutality, injury for life, and loss of life, these prize fights cannot compare with the foot-ball prize fights of the *humanely* (?) educated young men in our colleges and universities, and that though very large gambling bets are made on these regular prize fights, very likely the total amount of money won and lost on the college prize fights may be equally large.

We have recently had a description of a Spanish bull-fight sent us, with request to publish. We think the less we say at present about Spanish bull-fights the better.

GEO. T. ANGELL.



THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE.

The largest and most beautiful square in Paris, and the scene of the bloodiest acts of the French Revolution, during which nearly three thousand persons were here beheaded. [Used by kind permission of *The Boston Herald*.]

OFTENTIMES.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Oft-times I have seen a tall ship glide by against the tide, as if drawn by some invisible tow-line, with a hundred strong arms pulling it. Her sails hung unfilled, her streamers were drooping, she had neither side-wheel nor stern-wheel; still she moved on stately, in serene triumph, as if with her own life. But I knew that on the other side of the ship, hidden beneath the great bulk that swam so majestically, there was a little, toiling steam tug, with a heart of fire and arms of iron, that was hugging it close and dragging it bravely on; and I knew that if the little steam tug untwined her arms and left the tall ship, it would wallow and roll about, and drift hither and thither, and go off with reluctant tide, no man knows whither. And so I have known more than one genius, high-decked, full-freighted, wide-sailed, gay-pennoned, that, but for the bare, toiling arms, and brave, warm, beating heart of the faithful little wife that nestled close to him, so that no wind or wave could part them, would soon have gone down stream and been heard of no more.

MR. ROOSEVELT'S LAST SUGGESTION.

Mr. Theodore Roosevelt's last suggestion to Yale students "to beware of philanthropists" seems to us [so far as a very considerable number of them are concerned] about as unnecessary as to caution the Devil to beware of holy water.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Two sailors once went with a tame parrot to a show in Tokio, Japan, of slight-of-hand tricks. At the end of each one the sailors said: "Now, isn't that clever? Wonder what he'll do next?"

The parrot heard this so often that he picked it up. Presently the Japanese, while trying to keep in the air a number of bamboo sticks lighted at both ends, dropped one on a heap of bombs, which exploded and sent the parrot up about fifty feet. As the bird came down it shrieked: "Now, wasn't that clever? Wonder what he'll do next."

Why is a doctor never seasick? He's used to see sickness.

YALE.

The very large number of Yale students who are reported to have lost money on Corbett looks as if the departments of ethics and political economy need strengthening down there.—*Boston Herald*, March 20.

10,652.

Ten thousand six hundred and fifty-two murders were committed in the United States last year.

In what other country of the world is there greater need of humane education than ours?

VICTOR HUGO

Said: "A day will come when the only battlefield will be the market open to commerce, and the mind opening to new ideas. A day will come when bullets and bomb-shells will be replaced by votes, by the universal suffrage of nations by arbitration of a sovereign senate, which will be to Europe what the Parliament is to England, the Diet to Germany, the Legislative Assembly to France. A day will come when a cannon-ball will be exhibited in public museums, just as an instrument of torture is now, and the people will be astonished how such a thing could have been. A day will come when these two immense groups, the United States of America and the United States of Europe, shall be seen extending the hand of fellowship across the ocean, exchanging their products, their industry, their arts, their genius, clearing the earth, peopling the deserts, improving creation under the eye of the Creator, and uniting, for the good of all, these two irresistible and infinite powers—the fraternity of men and the power of God."

ANGELL PRIZE CONTESTS.

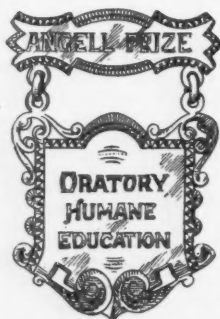
ANGELL PRIZE CONTESTS IN HUMANE SPEAKING.

We have beautiful sterling silver medals, of which this cut shows the size and face inscriptions.

On the back is inscribed "The American Humane Education Society."

We sell them at one dollar each, which is just what we pay for them by the hundred.

Each is in a box on red velvet, and we make no charge for postage when sent by mail.



The plan is this: Some large church or public hall is secured, several schools or Sunday-schools are invited to send their best speaker to compete for the prize medal; some prominent citizen presides; other prominent citizens act as the committee of award, and a small admission fee, ten or twenty cents, pays all the costs, and perhaps leaves a handsome balance for the local humane society or "Band of Mercy."

We have a book of 192 pages describing the plan and containing beautiful selections to be used by the speakers and reciters in these contests, which our "American Humane Education Society" will send [to them] without charge on receipt of six cents in postage stamps to pay postage.

Every school taking part in the prize contest wants to attend, so do parents and friends; good music is added, and a full audience is insured—the whole evening being devoted to the presentation of humane selections in competition for the prize or prizes offered.

Every school will, of course, cheer its champion, and, for a week after, the merits of what was said and how it was said will be discussed, not only by children but by parents, and a nice little sum of money be raised by the admission fees and otherwise to help the Humane Society, "Band of Mercy," or other organization that gets them up.

We are beginning to receive numerous orders for our book of 192 pages of selections for the "Prize Contest Recitations." We send them as a gift to those who are going to contest, on receipt of six cents in postage stamps to pay postage; to all others we send them for sixteen cents in postage stamps, which is precisely what they cost, with postage, our "American Humane Education Society."

THE PRIZE CONTESTS.

Our readers can hardly imagine our happiness at the growing success of these prize contests.

The State Superintendent of the Mercy Department of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Indiana, Mrs. L. E. Ball, writes:

"It has helped our Humane Society more than anything we ever did."

Mrs. Mary F. Lovell, National Superintendent of the Department of Mercy of the W. C. T. U., proposes to have them adopted by the W. C. T. U. all over the country.

J. H. Brigham, Master of the National Grange, [of which there are thousands of branches in all our various States and Territories], expresses the hope that every Grange in the country will soon have them.

Just before going to press we receive London and Australian papers recommending their adoption.

Plans are in progress to extend these prize-

speaking contests, which may surprise our readers before the close of the present year.

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

BECAUSE IT WILL BRING A NEW WORLD OF HAPPINESS INTO MILLIONS OF HUMAN LIVES.

(From address of Mr. Angell, delivered before several College and University audiences.)

"There is another reason for teaching kindness to animals in all our schools, and that is because it will bring a new world of happiness into millions of human lives.

That celebrated English clergyman, Sidney Smith, once asked a little girl why she was stroking with her hand the back of a turtle, and when she replied, "To give the turtle pleasure," told her she might as well stroke the dome of a Cathedral to please the Dean and Chapter.

But a wisdom higher than that of the Dean had revealed to the heart of the child that every stroke of her little hand made herself happier.

"That's a poor dog," said a rich gentleman to a German laborer. "That's a very poor dog, but as my little boy has taken a fancy to him I don't care if I buy him."

"Yaas," said the German, "He ish a very poor dog—a very poor dog. But dere ish von leetle thing mit that dog vich I don't vant to sell—I don't vant to sell de vag of his tail when I comes home at night."

One of our popular writers recently said that he thanked God there was one thing left in the world that couldn't be bought with money, and that was the wag of a dog's tail.

There arrived in Louisville, a few days ago, on foot—all the way from Mississippi—says the Louisville Courier Journal—a poor, sick, colored man, who had trudged all that weary distance to obtain medical treatment in the hospital, accompanied by a small, brown dog.

When told he must give up the dog before he could enter the city hospital, the poor man took the dog in his arms, and with tears running down his face replied that the dog was the only friend he had in the world, and he would rather die with his dog in the streets of Louisville than abandon him and go to the hospital.

The Commissioner gave him a permit to enter the hospital, and to take his dog with him.

Sir Walter Scott mourned the death of his favorite dog as though it had been a human friend.

During Sir Edwin Landseer's last illness his dog remained almost constantly with him, lying for hours at his master's feet.

At one time in the presence of a visitor Sir Edwin embraced him, exclaiming, "No one can love me as thou dost."

Cardinal Wolsey held audiences with the nobles of the land with his favorite cat perched on the arm of his state chair or at the back of his throne.

Richelieu, the great statesman of France, excused himself from rising to receive a foreign ambassador because his favorite cat and her kittens were lying on his robes.

Petrarch, the great poet of Italy, had his favorite cat embalmed and the stuffed form of this favorite is still seen by the traveller in the house where Petrarch lived.

When Daniel Webster was about to die, and just before he fell asleep to wake no more here,

he directed that all his cattle which he loved so much should be driven to his window that he might see them for the last time, and as they came one by one to his window he called each by name.

Walter Von Vogelweide, the great lyric poet of the middle ages, so loved the birds that he left a bequest to the Monks of Wurtzburg on condition that they should daily feed them on the tombstone over his grave.

There is no man, or child, or woman—however poor and neglected, that may not be made happier and better by the love of these lower creatures—poorer still.

The birds whose songs gladden the spring-time—the cattle grazing in the fields—the cat purring at your feet—the horse, kindly treated, always glad to toil in your service—and the dog that will not desert his master [though only a blind beggar in the street] to follow a King to his palace, keep sunshine in many a human heart where otherwise would be only darkness."

PUSH ASIDE THE LOG.

"Push aside the log and let it float," said a steamboat captain on the Mississippi river. On it went to become soaked, the heavier end to sink into a sand bar and form a snag or sawyer. By and by a steamer struck it in the night and a hundred passengers passed from time to eternity.

Push aside the boy and let him float, and by and by he may set a fire some windy night that will burn down half a city.

Humanely educate him in one of our Bands of Mercy and you may make him through life a law-abiding citizen.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

One thing we must never forget, namely: that the infinitely most important work for us is the humane education of the millions who are soon to come on the stage of action.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

IN MEMORY OF "DON."

Our Don—only a dog!

Yes, only a dog, you say;
With a large, warm heart,
And a bright, brown eye,
With an earnest bark
And a warm caress

For you and me and
The friends he loved best.
Oh, how we shall
Miss him, you and I,
His noisy welcome, and
Rough good-by!

Some time, some where,
Some day, I trust,
We shall meet again;
Oh, yes, we must!
And the joy of that meeting
I dare not say.

Ay, mock, ye skeptics,
And laugh to scorn
The faith I hold
Of all life that's born;
It cannot be wasted,
Nor can it be lost.

And oh, for the faith,
And the Indian's trust,
That Don and his mistress
Will meet some day—
Just over the river
Not far away!

Cambridge.

M. S. W.

The question is asked us, "What is the circulation of *Our Dumb Animals*?"

Answer—Regularly between 50,000 and 60,000, and sometimes it has been from 100,000 to 200,000.

Our Dumb Animals GOES EACH MONTH

In the State to

All members of our two Humane Societies. Several thousands of business firms and men. All Massachusetts clergy, Protestant and Roman Catholic. All Massachusetts lawyers, physicians, bank presidents and cashiers, postmasters, school superintendents, large numbers of writers, speakers and teachers through the State. About 500 of the Society's agents in almost every Massachusetts city and town.

"Bands of Mercy" through the State. Many subscribers and others through the State. The Boston police. The Massachusetts legislature. Hundreds of coachmen, drivers and teamsters. The editors of all Massachusetts newspapers and other publications. Many newspaper reporters.

Outside the State.

All our Humane Societies throughout the entire world. Large numbers of subscribers in our own and foreign countries. Thousands of our *Bands of Mercy* in our own and other countries. Members of our National Congress. Presidents of all American Colleges and Universities north of Mexico. Writers, speakers, teachers, and many others in various States and Territories. The editors of about twenty thousand American publications, including all in our own country and British America.

Of these about twenty thousand we have good reasons for believing that not less than nineteen thousand, and perhaps more, are read either by editors or by their wives and children.

"The Humane Horse Book," compiled by George T. Angell, is a work which should be read by every man, woman and child in the country. Price, 5 cents.—*Boston Courier*.

Our last edition of "*The Strike at Shane's*" was 50,000. Our last edition of "*Hollyhurst*," 20,000.

"LIGHT TO BENEFIT MANKIND."

For this valuable paper written by a New York Vice-president of our American Humane Education Society—gratuitously circulated by American Humane Education Society—write

GEO. T. ANGELL, President,
19 Milk Street, Boston.

DON'T FORGET.

In hiring a herd, coupe, or other carriage never forget to look at the horses and hire those that look the best and have no docked tails. When we take a herd we pick out one drawn by a good horse, tell the driver not to hurry, but take it easy, and give him five or ten cents over his fare for being kind to his horse. We never ride behind a dock-tailed horse.

OUR PRIZE STORY PRICES.

Black Beauty in paper covers, 6 cents at office, or 10 cents mailed; cloth bound, 25 cents each at office, or 30 cents mailed.

Hollyhurst, Strike at Shane's, Four Months in New Hampshire, also *Mr. Angell's Autobiography*, in paper covers, 6 cents each at office, or 10 cents mailed; cloth bound, 20 cents each at office, or 25 cents mailed.

Beautiful Joe at publishers' price, 60 cents at office, or 72 cents mailed. Cheaper edition, 25 cents; mailed, 30 cents. Both editions cloth bound.

Postage stamps are acceptable for all remittances.



MOTHER AND CHILD.

PRIZES \$675.

In behalf of *The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals* I do hereby offer (1) \$100 for evidence which shall enable the Society to convict any man in Massachusetts of cruelty in the practice of vivisection.

(2.) \$25 for evidence to convict of violating the recently-enacted law of Massachusetts against vivisections and dissections in our public schools.

(3.) \$100 for evidence to convict any member of the *Myopia, Hingham, Dedham, Harvard or Country Clubs*, of a criminal violation of law by causing his horse to be mutilated for life.

(4.) \$50 for evidence to convict anyone in Massachusetts of a violation of law by causing any horse to be mutilated for life by docking.

(5.) Twenty prizes of \$10 each, and forty prizes of \$5 each, for evidence to convict of violating the laws of Massachusetts by killing any insect-eating bird or taking eggs from its nest.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President.

PRIZE ESSAYS.

Send for prize essays published by *Our American Humane Education Society* on the best plan of settling the difficulties between capital and labor, and receive a copy without charge.

FOR FREE DISTRIBUTION.

To those who will have them properly posted we send:

- (1.) Placards for the protection of birds.
- (2.) Placards for the protection of horses from docking and tight check-reins.

DOG AND MONKEY.

A good story is told in one of our exchanges of a dog that one day discovered an organ grinder's monkey seated on a bank in his master's grounds, and at once made a rush for it. The monkey, in jacket and hat, awaited the onset so undisturbed that the dog halted within a few feet to reconnoitre, when the monkey raised his paw and saluted by lifting his hat.

The effect was magical. The dog's head and tail dropped, and he sneaked off to the house, refusing to leave it until his polite but mysterious visitor had gone.

TO ALL CLERGYMEN IN THE UNITED STATES AND ELSEWHERE.

In the Sunday-school of a large church in Baltimore they have decided to secure a large number of subscriptions for *Our Dumb Animals*. The solicitor's commission, namely, twenty-five cents on each copy, to be given to aid in church work.

If in every Sunday-school of the United States the same plan should be adopted it would raise the circulation of *Our Dumb Animals* to millions, and at the same time raise in every Sunday-school a considerable amount of money to be used for church work or any other work that the Sunday-school may choose to give it to.

WHAT A DOCKED HORSE TELLS.

(1.) That the owner does not care one straw for the suffering of dumb animals.

(2.) That the owner does not care one straw for the good opinion of nine-tenths of his fellow-citizens who witness the effects of his cruelty.

IS IT CRUEL?

Is it cruel to keep a horse locked up in a stable without exercise?

Answer: Just as cruel as it would be to keep a boy, or girl, or man, or woman in the same condition.

If to this is added solitary confinement without the company of other animals then the cruelty is still greater.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

COLLEGE RIOTS AND SAVAGE BARBARISM.

The college riots and acts of savage barbarism almost constantly coming to our table seem to indicate that large numbers of students in a large number of our [Protestant] colleges and universities, entering with very little humanity, graduate [under the influence of the scientific teachings received there] with none whatever.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

MISS P.'S DEED OF MERCY.

BY HARRIET FRANCENE CROCKER.

[From the Union Signal.]

When Miss P. made up her mind to do a thing it was done. So when she was sitting on the front porch of her pretty rose-covered cottage one hot summer day, and looked up the street and saw advancing toward her a great flock of sheep, a plan came into her head which proved important.

The mass came sweeping past the pretty cottage, sending clouds of California dust over the cypress hedge upon the beds of scarlet verbenas and into Miss P.'s very face, but Miss P. never moved. Her soft eyes, full of compassion, gazed out upon that patient throng of creatures, and a look of pain swept across her face as the poor things tried eagerly to catch a mouthful of the fresh, green grass which formed Miss P.'s well-kept border just outside the path. The horseback rider urged them on, and on they hurried, huddling their fleecy dust-brown backs together till it seemed as though one might walk across that living flood. Behind the great flock came the usual accompaniment—the wagon in which the lame and exhausted sheep were carried by the herders—and as Miss P. looked one faltered and fell, rose feebly and was picked up and placed in the wagon with the others.

When the last cloud of dust had settled, Miss P. smiled to herself an odd little smile. "It's a queer thing to do, maybe, but it's no one's business but my own, and if I choose to do missionary work in front of my own house instead of away off in heathen lands I'm going to do it."

Miss P. took the three o'clock car into the city and visited a certain place of business on a bustling street, held a half-hour's conference with the proprietor, looked over numerous catalogues, talked prices and then took her departure. Not for home, however. To an up-town office in a great block she next made her way; then, as the summer twilight was gathering, sought her corner and waited for her car.

Miss P.'s life was lonely. Something seemed always lacking to make it quite complete. She would not admit it, even to herself, for the owner of that resolute mouth and chin, and that firm, independent way, could never confess that aught was lacking to make her comfort complete. She was not rich—only "comfortably fixed," as the neighbors said. Her father, dying a few years before, had left her the neat little cottage and the fruit orchard behind it, which supplied not only her but many of the neighbors with choice fruit. For Miss P. was nothing if not neighborly, although there was always a certain dignity and reserve about her that forbade the approach of the too-familiar. People wondered why she was at forty still unmarried. She must have had a "disappointment," they said, though Miss P. looked least likely of women to have had a romance.

One morning a great dray, drawn by four horses, toiled along the dusty road and pulled up at the little white gate under Miss P.'s cypress arch. Neighbors began to wonder and conjecture and to neglect the cooking of their noonday meals, when Miss P.'s blue sunbonnet, having duly peered over into the wagon and inspected its contents, withdrew into the house, and the men who had come with the dray began to lift and tug at a queer, long, stone something in the wagon.

Old Mrs. Green peered through the blinds of the next house and called out excitedly, "Maria, come here this minute! I do believe Miss P.'s went an' had her own coffin made, or a sarcophagus or somethin'."

But, Maria, leaning interestedly over the old lady's shoulder, said, "Pshaw, mother, 'tain't no such thing! Looks a heap more like a watering trough to me."

And so in course of time it proved to be. "Just like one of her queer notions," said one. "But it'll be a blessin' to poor dumb brutes, just the same," said another, and a third neighbor declared that nothing on earth could tempt her to have a public watering trough put up in front of her house.

The men within a mile around thought it was just the thing, and began to wonder why they hadn't taken up a collection and got one themselves long ago.

But when in a few days a handsome iron drinking

fountain was brought out from the city and set up at one end of the long stone trough, and a bright tin cup was chained thereto, people said, "Well, Miss P. does beat all for doing deeds of mercy!"

And the lady in question, sitting on her vine-wreathed porch, said to herself as she watched the thirsty children stopping on their way home from school in the hot summer afternoons, "I really couldn't spare that hundred and fifty dollars very well, but I can do without the new matting I was going to get, and I'm going to make over my best dress and pinch along awhile to make up for it, and the dollar a month extra water tax won't be very much. Anyhow I'm going to enjoy it."

And she did enjoy it. What a pleasure it was the next time a flock of sheep came through to see the thirsty creatures crowd and push around the low stone trough, full to the brim with clear, cold water, and how eagerly the jaded horses drooped their heads forward to the welcome draught. And no less satisfied was she to see the dusty sheep-men lift awkwardly their wide sombreros as they dismounted and caught a glimpse of her before they drank cupful after cupful from the iron fountain.

All this filled Miss P.'s queer soul with intense satisfaction. "Phoso giveth a cup of cold water"—she thought to herself, "maybe it's just as much a deed of mercy as to send money to the heathen."

One morning Miss P., as was her custom, worked among her flowers, digging around the rose-trees with her little hoe, turning up the earth with her trowel, and tying up a sagging vine here and there. Suddenly she heard down the road the unmistakable herald of an approaching herd of cattle—the confused lowing of a hundred plunging and plodding cows mingled with the whistles and peculiar cries and calls of the attendant cowboys, who in wide felt sombreros and picturesque attire, rode at each side of the moving mass of tossing horns and rough-coated bodies.

Miss P. dropped her garden tools and went up the steps to the porch. It was the way she paid herself for the expense and trouble of setting up the drinking place—this quiet enjoyment of hers in the eagerness and satisfaction of the poor creatures, weary with the travel of many miles over dusty roads.

As she sat thus, looking out across the cypress hedge upon the surging crowd of cattle, a panic-stricken child pushed open the gate and ran up the walk. "Oh, Miss P.," she cried out shrilly, "let me come where you are! I'm afraid of the cows!"

Miss P. rose and went down the steps. How womanly and tender she looked as she reached a hand down to the little girl and smiled reassuringly. The cattle were crowding around the long, stone trough and a dark-eyed, weather-bronzed cowboy leaned from his mustang and helped himself to a drink from the fountain. As he did so he heard the child's frightened cry and saw the pretty, womanly little picture. As he drank he studied the woman's face furtively from the shadow of his wide sombrero, and a sudden look of wonder seemed to come into his deep eyes. But he assisted the others in keeping the struggling herd under control, and finally, after all were satisfied, helped to start them moving again, in a wide, dark stream of hoofs and horns, broad, red backs and switching tails, down the dusty road. Then, with a word to the cowboy nearest to him he turned his horse and rode back to the fountain.

As Miss P., standing at the gate with the child, glanced up at him he lifted his sombrero and sprang from his saddle. "Beg pardon, madam," he began courteously, "but I want to thank you for the great privilege we have enjoyed. It's a rare thing in California to find a watering-place along the road."

"You're entirely welcome, I'm sure," responded Miss P. cordially. This was nothing new. Dozens of grateful passers-by had paused to thank her for providing such refreshment for man and beast, and it was only a simple act of courtesy in this particular cowboy to do the same. So she wondered a little why he did not take his departure now that his errand was done. Perhaps he enjoyed the shade of the mighty fig-tree which spread its great limbs and dense foliage far out over the fountain and into the street.

Why should he look at her so? Why didn't he go? Oh, whom did he look like and who was he?

At that moment her startled eyes caught sight of a long, red scar across the man's forehead, for his head was bared, and in another instant she found herself leaning against the cypress hedge quite

weakly and feeling as though it must all be a dream. Then she gathered herself together and spoke in a quiet voice which trembled a little:

"Horace—Horace, is it you, or am I dreaming?" "You are not dreaming, Nellie," the man replied as quietly—"It is Horace and you are Nellie, come together at last in this strange way."

Miss P. suddenly lost her hold upon herself and began to cry—a soft, nervous, sobbing cry—and murmured something brokenly which the stranger accepted as an invitation to come in. So he tied the mustang to the ring in the fig-tree's trunk and followed Miss P. into the house, while the open-mouthed child went on her way schoolward, stopping often to walk backward a few steps and wonder at what she had seen.

But old Mrs. Green behind her window-blinds called excitedly to Maria and told her all about it. "Depend upon it, Maria," she quavered, "that old maid's got a history and I know it, and I hain't a mite of doubt in my mind but what that's her beau come back. But a cowboy—my sakes alive!"

It was the same old story with which everybody is so familiar—a lover's quarrel, a hasty parting, a hot-headed youth flinging himself away from the quiet New England home out into the world, to be swallowed up in the yawning jaws of the wide, wide west; a girl left to eat her heart out in proud, unspoken sorrow and refuse her various suitors because she had no love to give them. The old, old story again, but this one at least had a happy ending.

"And he wa'n't just a cowboy after all," says old Mrs. Green, as she cackles forth the romantic story of her next door neighbor, "for he owned all them cattle and was just a passin' through to look after 'em. And he's worth consid'able, they say—got a big stock ranch up north, and Miss P.'s rented her house for six months and went up there with him till he gets things in shape to leave 'em and come down here to live. She says she ain't never goin' to leave that there drinkin' fountain an' waterin' trough, and I don't know's I blame her when it surely was the means of bringin' her a husband. Oh, yes, she's married. He come back in a day or two, lookin' as slick as you please, and they was married by Elder Stewart Wednesday evening a week ago."

"Well, I hope that man'll make her happy, for she is a good, kind-hearted woman, and I call that queer freak of hers—settin' up that waterin' trough in front of her house—a regular deed of mercy."

Vernondale, Cal.

(For Our Dumb Animals.)

I WATCHED FOUR BOYS.

Last summer I sat in a yard and watched four little boys at their game of "hop-scotch." These noisy, rollicking boys, full of life and fun, were alive to their play.

Were they good and kind? I can safely answer, Yes. Shall I tell you why? Out from under the doorstep where I sat and near the field marked out for the game, came a bright-eyed little toad. "There he is!" "There is No. 1!" they shouted. He was not afraid. Why should he be? He was one of them. They said he came out every night, and many others beside. Sure enough, while I sat there I counted more than a dozen of these little fellows in different parts of the yard. They were out for their evening sport as well as the boys. The boys loved to see them and would let no one hurt them. N. F. J.

FROM THE NORTH OF IRELAND.

We have just read a story which may be a "chestnut," but is good. An Irish sailor fell from a lower part of the rigging on the First Lieutenant, carrying him to the deck.

"Where did you come from, you rascal," said the Lieutenant, as soon as he gained his feet. "From the North of Ireland, your honor."

WHAT THE POETS SAY.

WHO IS THE SEA-BIRD'S FOE?

When hidden in the hollow of his boat
The practised marksman with his gun lies rock-
ing,
And wheeling round with curious eye—you note
The hapless sea-birds to destruction flocking;—
When on hard rock, or crimsoned wave they fall,
And at the slayer's feet in heaps are lying,
And now for food their unfledged nestlings call
In vain—on yon bare cliff by thousands dying:—
By whom is nerved the sanguinary hand
Which spreads a cloud of woe o'er cliff and water,
And drives these living sunbeams from our strand?
By thee, fair sister, wife, or gentle daughter!

You are the sea-bird's foe! You give the word
Their snowy plumes to plunder, not to cherish;
That you may buy—the murderous guns are heard;
That you may dress—the lovely sea-birds perish!

RICHARD WILTON, M. A.,
in *Animal World*.

WE RECEIVE A GREAT MANY LET- TERS.

We receive a great many letters asking advice. The following is one which we are quite sure will interest our readers.

Under our recently enacted law we should settle with these people very promptly if they were in Massachusetts:

MATTEAWAN, DUTCHESS CO., N. Y.,
March 10, 1897.

MR. GEO. T. ANGELL,
President of "The American Humane Education Society."

Dear Sir:—I write you a few lines to ask your advice in regard to a matter which has created quite a sensation in this place. We have a large public school of 700 scholars, and they have commenced the practice of dissecting cats and other animals in the school. The most of the parents of the children are very much opposed to having their children witness these dissections. We have a W. C. T. U. here, and we would like to know what is the best course to take. We thought at first we would get the signatures of the parents and enter a protest, but the parents told us they dare not put their names to the protest, for if they did their children would be treated badly in the school, so we thought it best to write an article for one of the local papers. We did so, and a great many of the New York city papers copied it and commented upon it, condemning it. The teachers are all very indignant and *sug they intend to continue the practice*. We wrote to the "Anti-Vivisection Society" and they wrote to the teacher who performed the operation. She wrote back to them *she intended to continue the practice*. Two of us ladies then went to a meeting of the Board of Education to enter our protest, and I am sorry to say *we were treated very discourteously*, and they all (*twelve men*) *favoured the continuation of the practice*. Now, Mr. Angell, will you be so kind as to advise us what to do next? We are all very anxious to have it discontinued. A great many of the children [the parents tell us] go home from school very nervous, sick at the stomach, and cannot eat. By giving us your advice you will very much oblige,
Very sincerely yours,
Matteawan, Dutchess Co., New York.

The Fishkill, N. Y., *Daily Herald* says in regard to the above:

We are informed that the Matteawan School is soon again to be the scene of more cat butcheries, and our children be made the witnesses of their death struggles, and afterwards be compelled to view the quivering remains as they are carved up. This disgrace should be spared the community.

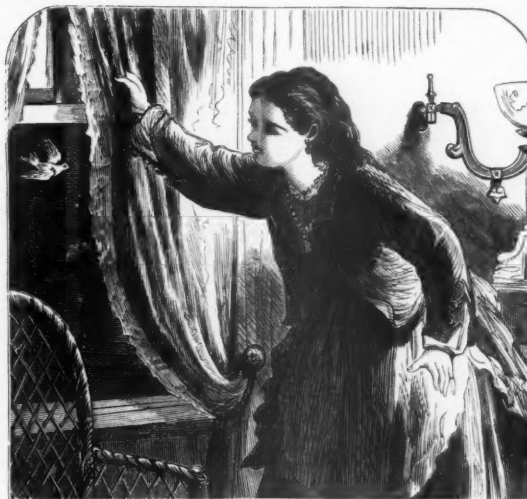
There are two strong reasons why such methods of teaching should be strenuously prohibited in every school.

1st. Because of the danger of such instruction.

2d. Because everything needful or desirable to be imparted to the young may be clearly and adequately taught without ever once drawing near to the line of danger, or demanding the sacrifice of life.

The *Springfield Republican* says "a clergyman who is traveling around in Michigan preaching against tobacco, displays in the pulpits, and *preferably Sundays*, a vial of nicotine, which he assures the audience is chemically pure. Then he produces a cat, anoints the poor animal's tongue with the drug and directly pussy is dead. *Very Christian business; very humane business*. The next thing will be for some temperance agitator to engage somebody to drink a quart of whiskey in the presence of an audience in order to convince everybody that the liquor is an intoxicant."

To the above the *Haverhill Gazette* adds: "If this minister will come to Massachusetts and repeat his experiment we will see to it that Bro. Angell attends to his case to the extent of landing him in jail."



THE LITTLE BIRD CAME BACK IN THE SPRING.

What is the purpose of lessons in school-physiology? Is it to start boys and girls on the road to a medical school? Certainly not. The one great object—in fact the only practical object—is simply to enforce on the minds of the pupils the lessons of hygiene. What are the plain rules for the preservation of health? What are the effects which may arise from the use of tobacco, especially by the young? Wherein lies the danger of alcoholic stimulants? What injury to health comes from over-eating, from improper food, from bad ventilation, from constriction of the body by unhygienic dress? How do people ignorantly injure their digestion, their breathing capacity, the heart, the brain? How may typhoid fever be prevented? How does a community help to stamp out scarlet fever, diphtheria, measles, small-pox, and other epidemic diseases? What shall one do in case of an accident till the doctor comes? These are the lessons of practical hygiene which school children should be thoroughly taught. They are the lessons which instruction in physiology in schools was designed to impart, and the importance of which cannot be over-estimated. But surely it needs no killing of rabbits, cats or dogs, to make such lessons plain. Everything needful may be illustrated by colored charts and manikins. A quickly forgotten smattering of anatomy may indeed be learned by a child, dabbling its fingers in bloody tissues, but nothing which might not be better learned by other methods without the danger of moral perversion, and at the cost of not a single pang.

Dangerous and unnecessary. These are the words which, in the august name of Science herself, may we not stamp upon all methods of instruction in our public schools which make for the *brutalization of childhood* by inducing early familiarity with the sacrifice of Life?"

FROM TOKIO, JAPAN.

A newspaper from Tokio, Japan, says: "It is not enough that the Europeans *compress themselves with steel and whalebone*, they also demand for their adornment our beautiful and useful birds.

But when they deck themselves with these it is not only a crying wrong to agriculture, but a mockery of their boasted civilization."

IN FLORIDA.

In Florida the heron species is annihilated. The egret is from the white heron and it must be taken at the brooding time. When the young are hatched it is easy to catch their parents as they will not forsake their nestlings. Every egret feather [small as it is], though looking less guilty than an entire bird, signifies a nestful of crying young calling for food that never comes.

\$1000.

In behalf of "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," I offer *One Thousand Dollars* for evidence to convict ten persons in Massachusetts of violation of our State law by *cruel vivisection*—namely, *One Hundred Dollars* for evidence in each case.

"Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy."

GEO. T. ANGELL, President.

AN ACT

Relating to Vivisection in the Public Schools.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in General Court assembled, and by the authority of the same, as follows:

SECTION 1. No teacher or other person employed in any public school of this Commonwealth shall in the presence of any scholar, in said school, or any child or minor there present, practice vivisection, nor, in such presence, exhibit any animal upon which vivisection has been practised.

SECT. 2. Dissection of dead animals, or any portions thereof, in the public schools of this Commonwealth, in no instance shall be for the purpose of exhibition, but, in every case, shall be confined to the class-room and the presence of those pupils engaged in that study to be illustrated by such dissection.

SECT. 3. Any person violating the provisions of this act shall be punished by a fine of not less than ten nor more than fifty dollars.

SECT. 4. This act shall take effect upon its passage.

[Approved March 22, 1894.]

STATE OF WASHINGTON.

We are glad to say that the Legislature of Washington has recently enacted a law against vivisection in the schools, similar to the one that we had enacted in Massachusetts two years ago.

WHAT IS THE OBJECT OF
THE BANDS OF MERCY?

I answer: To teach and lead every

child and older person to seize
every opportunity to say a kind
word or do a kind act that willmake some other human being or
some dumb creature happier.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

New Bands of Mercy.

- 27208 Newton, Iowa.
Newton Band.
P., Libbie Dean.
- 27209 Gainesville, Texas.
Gainesville Band.
P., Homer Torbert.
- 27210 Redfield, So. Dakota.
Junior Epworth League Bd.
P., Leslie Kester.
- 27211 Logan, Ill.
Logan Band.
P., Aretos W. Nolan.
- 27212 Kansas City, Mo.
Woodland School Bd. No. 14.
P., Irving Smith.
- 27213 Williston, S. C.
Williston Band.
P., Miss Estelle Robinson.
- 27214 Windom, Minn.
Windom Band.
P., L. Grace Robinson.
- 27215 Tacoma, Wash.
Tacoma Band.
P., Laura Goodman.
- 27216 Kansas City, Mo.
Willing Workers Band.
P., Alma Shelton.
- 27217 Beacon Band.
P., Fannie Wilson.
- 27218 Bright Eyes Band.
P., Eva Walbridge.
- 27219 Irving Defenders Band.
P., Chester Layfeyth.
- 27220 Barton Junior Band.
P., Blanch Newlee.
- 27221 Kansas City, Mo.
Oakley School Band No. 3.
P., Rich Fillmore.
- 27222 Oakley School Band No. 4.
P., Edward J. Beard.
- 27223 George Washington Band.
P., Henrietta Hornung.
- 27224 Woodland Band No. 16.
P., Alice Weiman.
- 27225 Woodland School Band No. 2.
P., Emma Corcoran.
- 27226 W. Boylston, Mass.
High School Band.
P., Mr. W. D. Gilpatric.
- 27227 Nashua Band.
P., Miss Susie E. Jewell.
- 27228 Golden Robin Band.
P., Miss Eva F. Toombs.
- 27229 Morning Star Band.
P., Miss Gertrude E. Daly.
- 27230 North Star Band.
P., Nellie E. McCarthy.
- 27231 Grunauque, Ont., Can.
Ontario Band.
P., Mrs. Wm. Byers.
- 27232 Southville, Mass.
Fussy Willow Band.
P., Miss Mary Dinne.
- 27233 Ogalalla, Neb.
Ogalalla School Band.
P., Eva M. Gilliard.
- 27234 Brooklyn, N. Y.
Newsboy Band.
P., Timothy Fallon.
- 27235 Bath Beach Band.
P., Miss Cornelia Young.
- 27236 Williamsport, Pa.
Junior C. E. Band.
P., Harry Leeds.
- 27237 W. Boylston, Mass.
Bo Peep Band.
P., Miss E. M. Harlow.
- 27238 S. Boylston, Mass.
Murdock Band.
P., Miss Hattie B. Glidden.
- 27239 Murdock Primary Band.
P., Miss Flora M. Pierce.
- 27240 Oakdale, Mass.
Whittier Band.
P., Miss Eva E. Glidden.
- 27241 Sherburn, Minn.
Junior League Band.
P., Mrs. W. B. Pfeffer.
- 27242 Providence, R. I.
Defenders Band.
P., Miss M. M. Mielt.
- 27243 Little Helpers Band.
P., Miss M. M. Mielt.
- 27244 Lowell Band.
P., S. Frances Pike.
- 27245 Lookout Band.
P., Florence M. James.
- 27246 Busy Bees Band.
P., Bertha E. Child.
- 27247 Protectors Band.
P., Elise T. Magnus.
- 27248 Columbus, Ohio.
Francis E. Marsten Band.
P., Francis E. Marsten.
- 27249 N. Minneapolis, Minn.
Forest Heights Band.
P., Mrs. J. C. Dorchester.
- 27250 Eyota, Minn.
Junior Epworth League Band.
P., Emma Trafton.
- 27251 La Cygne, Kan.
La Cygne Band.
P., Frances Jacobs.
- 27252 Kansas City, Mo.
Jackson School Fair Play Band.
P., Josie Quistgaard.
- 27253 Burlington, Ky.
Junior Society Band.
P., Elizabeth Tully.
- 27254 Sidney, N. Y.
Hope Band.
P., L. Hilsinger.
- 27255 Minneapolis, Minn.
Foss Church Junior League Band.
P., Mrs. John P. Gedney.
- 27256 Trenton, N. J.
Faithful Protectors Band.
P., Harry Klein.
- 27257 Little Defenders Band.
P., Frank Doran.
- 27258 Rat Portage, Ont.
Golden Band.
P., Master Willie Martin.
- 27259 Sunshine Band.
P., Miss E. Inkster.
- 27260 Pansy Band.
P., Miss A. McIntyre.
- 27261 Edgerton, Minn.
Junior League Band.
P., Minnie Dodge.
- 27262 Sidney, N. Y.
High School Band.
P., Miss Adelia Root.
- 27263 Kansas City, Mo.
Sunbeam Band.
P., Mrs. M. F. Dold.
- 27264 Olivet, Mich.
Olivet Band.
P., Pauline Sperry.
- 27265 Brooklyn, N. Y.
Bay Ridge Band.
P., Miss E. M. Kohl.
- 27266 Bay Ridge Band No. 2.
P., Annie Martin.
- 27267 Bay Ridge Band No. 3.
P., Alice Wakefield.
- 27268 Bay Ridge Band No. 4.
P., Miss Young.
- 27269 Acton, Mass.
West School Band.
P., Harriet E. Wood.
- 27270 Shirley, Mass.
Atri Band.
P., Miss Clara L. Coffin.
- 27271 Forget-me-not Band.
P., Ethel L. Stratton.
- 27272 Little Hiawatha Band.
P., Lura A. White.
- 27273 Children's Hour Band.
P., Miss Mabel P. Conant.
- 27274 Kansas City, Mo.
Patriotic Band.
P., Goldie Ray.
- 27275 Sidney, N. Y.
Sidney High School Band.
P., Miss Bertha Prescho.
- 27276 Minneapolis, Minn.
Fowler M. E. Church Band.
P., Wesley Richardson.
- 27277 Sidney, N. Y.
Hope Band.
P., Rexford King.
- 27278 Montclair, N. J.
Beautiful Joe Band.
P., Miss Edith C. Barry.
- 27279 Howlet Hill, N. Y.
Howlet Hill School Band.
P., Miss Hettie Cryslar.
- 27280 Kokomo, Ind.
Beautiful Joe Band.
P., Thomas Burrows.
- 27281 Grand Rapids, Mich.
Sibley St. School Band.
P., Margaret Doran.
- 27282 Lincoln, Neb.
Lincoln Band.
P., Mrs. Janet Marferdin.
- 27283 Lincoln Band No. 2.
P., Mrs. J. Marferdin.
- 27284 Lincoln Band No. 3.
P., Miss S. Paddock.
- 27285 Lincoln Band No. 4.
P., Ida Robbins.
- 27286 Lincoln Band No. 5.
P., Miss Estelle Eckardt.
- 27287 Hastings, Neb.
Hastings School Band No. 3.
P., Miss Della High.
- 27288 Lincoln, Neb.
Red Cloud School Band.
P., Beatrice Mizer.
- 27289 Red Cloud School Band No. 2.
P., Miss Nellie Kaley.
- 27290 Red Cloud School Band No. 3.
P., George H. Doering.
- 27291 Kansas City, Mo.
Golden Rule Band.
P., Della Browning.
- 27292 George Washington Band.
P., Wills Cloys.
- 27293 Sunbeam Band.
P., Bronnabelle Barwick.
- 27294 Knights and Ladies of Eugene Field Band.
P., Gustav Hertz.
- 27295 Merry Workers Band.
P., Harold Edwards.
- 27296 Red Cross Band.
P., Guy Holmes.
- 27297 Evergreen Band.
P., Eddie Searfoss.
- 27298 Gilman Iron Works, N. H.
Gilman Iron Works Band.
P., Henry E. Page.
- 27299 Sidney, N. Y.
Sidney Band.
P., George Angell, Jr.
- 27300 Freeport, L. I.
Junior Endavor Society Band.
P., Mrs. Albert H. King.
- 27301 Gainesville, Texas.
Pansy Band.
P., Miss Jessie Thomas.
- 27302 Golden Chain Band.
P., Miss Roberta H. Parker.
- 27303 Kansas City, Mo.
Bryant School Band No. 5.
P., Ralph Ellis.
- 27304 Hamilton, Ohio.
Helping Hand Band.
P., Margaret E. Caldwell.
- 27305 Niskayuna, N. Y.
Niskayuna Band.
P., Mrs. C. P. Dittmars.
- 27306 Sidney, N. Y.
High School Band.
P., Miss Minnie S. Arnold.
- 27307 Youngstown, Ohio.
Youngstown Band.
P., Clara I. Aubrey.
- 27308 St. Paul, Minn.
Oliver Thorne Miller Band.
P., Miss K. A. Sliney.
- 27309 Gilman, N. H.
Snowball Band.
P., Walter Graves.
- 27310 Manchester, N. H.
Manchester Band.
P., Gullie Wyman.
- 27311 Columbus, Ohio.
George Washington Band.
P., Walter G. Richards.
- 27312 Worthington, Minn.
Peace Making Band.
P., Miss Grace Wood.
- 27313 Kansas City, Mo.
Golden Star Band.
P., Allen Mather.
- 27314 Millington, Mich.
Millington Junior Endeavor Band.
P., Mrs. Kelsey.
- 27315 Providence, R. I.
Rosa Bonheur Band.
P., Miss Catherine D. Pike.
- 27316 Defenders Band.
P., Miss Nellie G. Johnson.
- 27317 Ever Ready Band.
P., Miss Edith G. Freeman.
- 27318 Liberty Band.
P., Miss Stella F. Nickerson.
- 27319 Good Samaritan Band.
P., Miss Harriet A. Rea.
- 27320 Golden Rule Band.
P., Miss M. Florence Brown.
- 27321 Wide Awake Band.
P., Miss Sara Fletcher.
- 27322 Volunteer Band.
P., Miss Ethel Taipe.
- 27323 Helpers Band.
P., Miss Etta F. Wilcox.
- 27324 Landseer Band.
P., Miss C. E. Caffrey.
- 27325 Loyal Defenders Band.
P., Miss Elizabeth Passmore.
- 27326 Thoughtful Band.
P., Miss Maria L. Taft.
- 27327 Protection Band.
P., Miss E. H. Fowler.
- 27328 Mobile, Ala.
Barton Academy.
P., B. S. Woodcock.
- 27329 No. 2 Band.
P., S. S. Murphy.
- 27330 No. 3 Band.
P., I. M. Metlee.
- 27331 No. 4 Band.
P., E. S. Colston.
- 27332 No. 5 Band.
P., A. M. Slater.
- 27333 No. 6 Band.
P., M. A. Heustes.
- 27334 No. 7 Band.
P., Belle Neville.
- 27335 No. 8 Band.
P., L. Fonde.
- 27336 No. 9 Band.
P., E. Chamblin.
- 27337 No. 1 Band.
P., R. B. Barnikle.
- 27338 No. 2 Band.
P., M. K. Gee.
- 27339 No. 3 Band.
P., M. I. Fisk.
- 27340 No. 4 Band.
P., M. Eaus.
- 27341 No. 5 Band.
P., L. B. Withers.
- 27342 No. 6 Band.
P., K. E. Moore.
- 27343 No. 1 Band.
P., T. A. Taylor.
- 27344 No. 2 Band.
P., Irene Crowley.
- 27345 No. 3 Band.
P., M. A. McKenzie.
- 27346 No. 4 Band.
P., M. C. Bell.
- 27347 No. 5 Band.
P., A. B. Thillgard.
- 27348 Golden Rule Band.
P., M. Simpson.
- 27349 Sunbeam Band.
P., E. Duffee.
- 27350 No. 2 Band.
P., J. A. Masterson.
- 27351 No. 3 Band.
P., F. E. Laws.
- 27352 Red, White and Blue Band.
P., Ida Breittinger.
- 27353 No. 4 Band.
P., L. Hamberger.
- 27354 No. 1 Band.
P., F. McGonnan.
- 27355 No. 2 Band.
P., J. A. Elliott.
- 27356 No. 3 Band.
P., C. J. Pritchard.
- 27357 No. 1 Band.
P., J. T. Gregory.
- 27358 Broad St. School.
P., F. Weiner.
- 27359 No. 1 Band.
P., W. A. Caldwell.
- 27360 No. 2 Band.
P., G. V. Williams.
- 27361 No. 3 Band.
P., S. M. Dudley.
- 27362 No. 4 Band.
P., W. H. Brazier.
- 27363 No. 5 Band.
P., Helen Hawkins.
- 27364 No. 6 Band.
P., Roena Temple.
- 27365 No. 7 Band.
P., Janie Williams.
- 27366 No. 8 Band.
P., Carrie Nicholas.
- 27367 No. 9 Band.
P., Sarah King.
- 27368 No. 10 Band.
P., Eloise Davis.
- 27369 No. 11 Band.
P., Theresa Page.
- 27370 No. 12 Band.
P., Laura Faulkner.
- 27371 Orange Grove School.
P., W. R. Gleason.
- 27372 No. 2 Band.
P., Henry Jones.
- 27373 No. 3 Band.
P., Aurelia Scott.
- 27374 No. 4 Band.
P., L. Saxon.
- 27375 No. 5 Band.
P., August St. School.
- 27376 No. 6 Band.
P., W. H. Dixon.
- 27377 No. 7 Band.
P., J. Ballasco.
- 27378 No. 8 Band.
P., Hattie Jackson.
- 27379 No. 9 Band.
P., Hattie Gibbs.
- 27380 No. 10 Band.
P., Whistler, Ala.
- 27381 No. 11 Band.
P., C. L. Garrison.
- 27382 No. 12 Band.
P., Mattie Coleman.
- 27383 Pansy Band.
P., A. Foster.
- 27384 No. 1 Band.
P., Gertrude Holbien.
- 27385 No. 2 Band.
P., Carrie Wilson.
- 27386 No. 3 Band.
P., Maude Howard.
- 27387 No. 4 Band.
P., M. E. Smith.
- 27388 No. 5 Band.
P., V. A. Bailon.
- 27389 No. 6 Band.
P., Maria Frazier.
- 27390 No. 7 Band.
P., A. M. Gates.
- 27391 No. 8 Band.
P., Kate Parkis.
- 27392 No. 9 Band.
P., Lina Tucker.
- 27393 No. 10 Band.
P., R. G. Gaillard.
- 27394 No. 11 Band.
P., M. E. Moffat.
- 27395 No. 12 Band.
P., Lee Benedict.

IMPORTANT TO HUMANE FARMERS.

TO PREVENT A COW FROM MOURNING FOR HER CALF.

During a recent sojourn in Scotland, being frequently invited by "Jeanie," the dairy-maid, to come to the stable at milking time, I became well acquainted with "Primrose," "Buttercup" and "Daisy;" and on one occasion I noticed a very young calf (belonging to them) in a "loose box" at the end of the stable, and remarked to Jeanie that I was surprised to see her milking the cow when the calf was so young! That at home in America we always let the calf have all the milk for a week or more, and then fed it with skimmed milk, warmed, etc. But "Jeanie" smiled and said: "We never let them draw the milk at all in Scotland. As soon as the calf is born it is put in the 'loose box,' with plenty of hay or straw bedding, and fed with all of its mother's milk while 'warm from the cow.'" This is kept up for some time (I do not remember just how long) and then the calf is fed with skimmed milk warmed and thickened with oatmeal, or other ground food.

And when the time comes to take away the calf, there is no distress on the part of either cow or calf, by means of this simple and excellent plan.

LUCY F. FAWCETT.

We wish every humane farmer would try this.

GAS INSPECTORS.

The following appeared in the Boston Record and Post of March 5th and 6th:

Some time since, in throwing a shawl over my shoulders while lying down for an afternoon nap, it accidentally hit and threw open the faucet of a gas branch which required only a touch to open.

Luckily, before I lost consciousness I became aware of a slight odor, and so escaped having it reported that I had committed suicide.

Now there are quite likely in Boston alone more than 50,000 gas faucets that turn just as easily, and very likely fully that number that turn completely around, and are liable at any time by the carelessness of a child, a servant girl, or an intoxicated individual to cause one and perhaps several deaths. Gas fixtures are constantly wearing out and getting loose. Very likely there are to-day in Boston not less than 50,000 gas leakages, great and small, in pipes and faucets. Now what I would like to urge is—

(1.) There should be enough gas inspectors to examine all gas fixtures as often as public safety demands.

(2.) They should be so uniformed that burglars and other rascals claiming to be gas inspectors cannot obtain entrance to houses to steal and commit outrages.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

A LOVELY SIGHT.

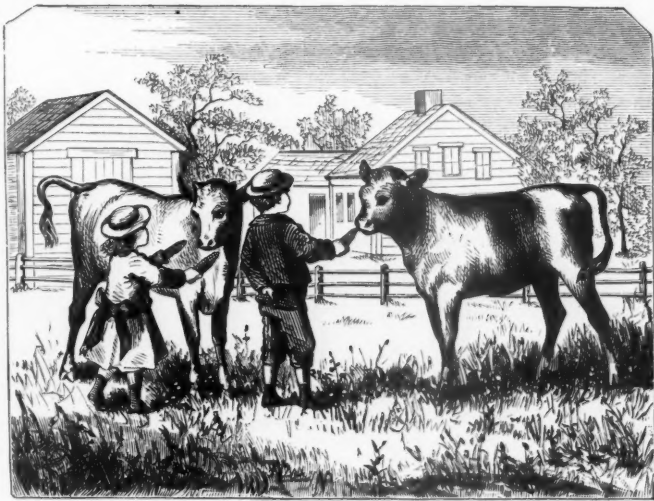
(For "Our Dumb Animals.")

About one and a quarter miles from the beautiful and industrious town of Stafford Springs Center, Connecticut, is situated the home of Mr. and Mrs. Rufus H. Moulton, on the main road from Stafford Springs to Stafford Hollow, and surrounded by shade and fruit trees.

It is in summer a most pleasant stopping-place for travel-worn people to refresh themselves with a drink of the best water in this neighborhood, and both Mr. and Mrs. Moulton have acquired a large and happy acquaintance with people passing their humble but well kept and happy home. But the summer with its fruits and perfumes of wild grapes, new mown

hay and wild flowers has not a greater share of charms about the Moulton homestead than in the bleak and stormy winter months, when the ground is either covered with snow or lies bare and frozen; for then it is a common sight to see Mr. Moulton in his front yard with a myriad of little chickadees in the trees, and perched upon his hands, arms, shoulders and head, awaiting their morning meal of crumbs which he is breaking for them. Nowhere can one who has any love for these little birds see a more lovable or love-inspiring sight.

C. G. S.



FEEDING THE CALVES.

THE LITTLE MISSIONERS.

A poem written by Miss Julia A. Howard, teacher at Ann Arbor, Michigan, and splendidly recited by a little girl at a public exhibition of "The Bands of Mercy."

THE LITTLE MISSIONERS.

My friend and I have thought of a plan
For each little woman, for each little man,
Which we're sure will meet with your approbation,
As well as the rest of this great nation.

We've studied the meaning of "missioner" out,
And find it is one who travels about
Bearing the gospel of love and of peace
To distant nations in the far East.

We were fired with zeal at thought of the work
These good ones do with ne'er a shirk,
And wished to start right out in life
And take our place in the earnest strife.

We studied our maps to find out
The safest way, the very best route
To the lands where the heathen are hidden away,
Awaiting the work of our Christian day.

We donned our hats and bade good-bye,
And left our friends with saddened eye.
They thought us young for the work so grand,
And the distance great to the foreign land.

But we feared that time might not be lent,
Unless we took it then when it was sent,
And bravely started with fearless heart
To meet the work and take our part.

A few steps taken—when what did we see,
But a heathen before us as plain as could be!
Beating his horses with might and main
While doing their best, but all in vain.

"Halt!" said our leader, a brave young lad,
"Let's not go farther at sight so sad,
But stop the wrong that here is done
Before seeking another single one."

So with hat in hand, and how polite,
He stepped right into the heathen's sight—
"Please, sir, permit us to help them out,
For we young 'missioners' are very stout."

And with our good help and the steeds' free will,
A laugh and a shout they went up the hill.
"Ho, ho! my lads and lasses true,
Now tell me how I can recompense you?"

"By being 'a missioner' and joining our band
And to the suffering lend a hand—
And never again as long as you live
Ask more of your horses than they can give."

With a right-about face we marched along
And found more work to right the wrong
To poor dumb beasts, and birds in air,
Than we might find if we went elsewhere.

So here we'll stay and do our part
To lessen the grief of the saddened heart,
Whether of bird, or beast, or man,
By bringing to each what joy we can.

WHEN OUR NAVY.

Many years ago, when our navy had a station on the African Coast, the natives were in the habit of bringing off parrots for sale. They were very pretty birds, of a soft gray color, enlivened by touches of red, and their price was a bit of tobacco, a piece of soap, or half a dozen brass rings—any trifle in fact. The sailors bought a lot of them and taught them nautical terms.

On morning inspections, while the men were at the guns, the parrots in their cages were on the gundeck. The captain had a habit of clearing his throat before he gave an order, "Ahem! Starboard, fire!—Port, fire."

Before he could fairly deliver it, the parrots would call out:

"Ahem! Starboard, fire!—Port, fire!"

And so it went on with other orders; the birds took them up instantly, to the great amusement of the captain, officers and men.

I was one day performing some duty on deck when one of the parrots lighted on my hand. Intent on my affairs I threw it off more roughly than I was aware, and it fell rather heavily on the deck. The owner picked it up and caressed it, saying, "The Master doesn't like parrots, does he?" After that the bird always called me "Master" whenever he saw me.

We brought the ship into Portsmouth, New Hampshire, on our return home. Not long after I was walking down Tremont street, Boston, at an hour when it was filled with people, and heard a cry, "Master! Master!" and turning in the direction of the voice I found myself opposite a bird-shop, in the doorway of which hung an African parrot. I went over and asked the proprietor where he found it. He told me he had bought it about three months before of a sailor just returned from the coast of Africa. By this I recognized my old acquaintance and stopped some time, going over the "talkee-talkie" it had been familiar with on board ship, and apparently making it very happy.

The bird had known me from the thousands passing the door.

NAVAL OFFICER.

Receipts of the M. S. P. C. A. for February.

Fines and witness fees, \$79.62.

MEMBERS AND DONORS.

Mrs. N. Thayer, Sr., \$50; Mrs. Robert Treat Paine, \$25; Miss Mary L. Ware, \$25; Mrs. John M. Welsh, \$25; Alex. Moseley, \$25; Miss Ellen Frothingham, \$20; Mrs. W. S. Fitz, \$20; A friend, \$15; D. L. Swan & Sons, \$3; Dr. Henry L. Shaw, \$3; Mrs. M. Friedman, \$3; Mrs. C. S. Rogers, \$3; Mrs. John Richards, \$3; Marion Mackenzie, \$3; C. W. Hinman, \$3.

TEN DOLLARS EACH.

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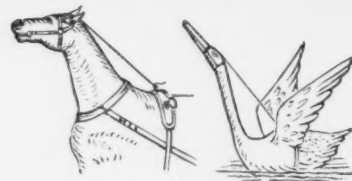
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